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Angles, and martial array, the march of war's remnants,  
the Cheers;

And the memory harkening back to the record of  
glorious years!

Honouring valour ye stand, while bowed is each <sup>reverent</sup> head;  
Marchalled in spirit, ye feel, are the hosts of  
the slumbering dead.

But there are those who march on... broken battalions  
we knew;  
Scarred, heart and body and soul! — wounded as we  
were, for you!

Brothers-in-arms are we all, of these we commend  
to your care;  
So! they are here, in your sight, — gauge ye the  
burdens they bear?

This, the 'remembrance' we crave: that ye bring us  
unto their needs; —  
Under the worn uniform, is the sad heart that suffers  
and bleeds!

Deem not their sacrifice less, because we are dead  
and they live;  
As ye would give unto us, to them we entrust you  
to give!

Harold Miller Mowbray

End.